## ON THE LIMITED BY MELVILLE PHILIPS

A Railroad Romance of Two Friends, Two Enemies, and a Little Child, Developed at a Mile a Minute.

gate the back of the man's head in front of him began to ascome a familiar aspect. Then suddenly he knew it was Doubleday and be for a man in the dumps he was for a second a familiar again. For a man in the dumps he was get to the rear again. We have paradise the back of the man's head of the drawing-rooms of the drawing-r

west my boy?" he called. faced about and beamed. " he said, "Do you take the Good. Chicago? Better.

We'll have a talk." better fortune was Caspar's. had not been perhaps in all New more despondent He had come to the station with a actance, and had he been too is probable he would have been for jubilant. But the man's had directed his steps unfalteringly Now, as it lay before him, for flight, he approached it with

His friend clapped him on the shoulder. They were ticketed for adjoining cars, and even as Caspar went forward in search of his section the train glided out he lofty shed into the streaming

" said Doubleday. "Let's gossip. Caspar shook his head, saddened in an eh? Try to come back with me,

then-Friday. Heard anything lately of yes," said Caspar, with resus-

citated interest; "got a line from him the other day. He's at Nice; been there, as a or do you know?-is also there ol Oaks and Mrs. Oaks." The deuce! You don't suppose—"
I know. He said as much in his let-

Then Caspar flashed a glance at his friend's face and felt sorry for him. said Doubleday, slowly, "you of course-I'm sure Mrs. Caspar did -what Millicent was to me, I don't know women as well as you do-"
"As well as I do!" exclaimed Caspar,

with a bitter laugh. "God pity your ig-It was Doubleday's turn to look around. two men gazed at each other for

a second in perplexed silence. ableday resumed, "I don't mean to say that you know much about women—that any man does—but you've had some experience of them in certain of their moods and tenses. I haven't-that is, I hadn't-and, what's more, I don't pine for any further knowledge of them than I have."
"My dear fellow," said Caspar, "if I un-

you to hint at an unhappiness, let's drop it. You're not the only man with a grief or a grievance, you know."
"Good," assented Doubleday. "Let's

"Then they fell away into club Doubtless the chief reason why their inclination to do what they pleased with him. The man was so genuine and natural and sparkling and the kindly influence of his personality was sc potential that any pretense was impossible in his presence. One could be oneself with him;

It was just past was a halt. The nipping autumn wind tossed cloaks of two women who boarded the train. It blew to fading shreds the ng steam of the great engine. ing the next to the last car. Doubleday looked up and smiled at a large-eyed child whose face was pressed against the win-The child uttered a cry which reached him faintly, and then she disap-

What's funny?" said Caspar.

"A child at the window back there, Saw me and yelled. Do I look dangerous, Not from my point of view. I can't

say how your Roman profile might impress an infant.' At the word of warning they clambered last, or observation, car, and bassed through the sitting-room and went capacious platform. Here camp chairs, they sat watching the lovely suburban landscape unroll itself as an endless dissolving view until the butler had announced for the second time service of luncheon. They had appe tites to match the menu, and under spur and talk and the contagious char surrounding lunchers, Caspar whol escaped from his mood in the g and gave free rein to a gallop-

like a winged arrow in form like this, taking 'Del.'s' with us."
"Speaking of 'Del's'" said Doubleday, remember our last meeting

Caspar did remember distinctly, but the ry did not seem to him a jovial one nodded, sipped his coffee, swallowed and stared at the good bishop. er saw Mrs. Caspar in bette continued Doubleday. "I remem

"Gad, what a barn!" cried Caspar, pointing to an enormous white and red structure that hovered for an instant in

Yes, it is, 'Del's' was crowded, don't mind, and Mrs. Caspar-Darn 'Del's!" Caspar was white, but You can see farther than your nose say. 1-ah-the fact is, Doubleday, b't seen Mrs. Caspar for a week expect to see her for a year.

s face at this announcement plainthe which piqued and challenged his The expression was accusative; condemnatory; it passed judgment aspar without waiting for a word of

Yes," said Doubleday, icily, "that barn

said Caspar, hastily, "Let's now, I've about a quarter of an employment for the stenographer pewriter. I'll join you presently." ar went forward alone, ow humiliated. If Doubleday only all. Then, suddenly, for the first week, he searched his mem nd his heart stood still. If Double-d know all, what then? He couldn't d; unmarried men never do un The break was irreparable, in est for both. He went to the ock, scrutinized the lists so long, indeed, sentleman who had been coughing apatiently at his elbow reached over ath "I beg your pardon, sir." and Casbacked away. He took a book from library, and though his eyes were ed on its printed page, he read it es, just two, both fair and marvel

But the smoke of the room had blurred shly sensitive to the gaze of strangers, he fell to at the book with an ex-traordinary alertness of eye.

subleday found him thus employed, Caspar's air of attention was so ad-ably counterfeit that he refrained interruption until the train slid into heat halting station. There they etched their logs again, and Doubleday hought himself of the baby face at window and sought for it in vain. Oh, I see," he said. "She's at the oth-

S CASPAR passed through the er side, in one of the drawing-rooms en lips, dear heart-come, bring them to me.

They had indeed, and they thundered

of autumn had fallen from the trees, and in the occasional bursts of sunlight through gaps in the colorful hills came warm memories of summer, while ever and anon along the edges of the dancing rivers and creeks fringes of ice showed as the gleaming nails on the itching fingers of winter. The fleeting scene was more than beautiful, so primitive it looked, sufficient and seductive to the rban eye. Caspar came under the witchery of it at once. All his troubles seemed to fall from him as dissolves a hideous ream under the break of day. The leapswaying trees, the flight startled birds-they intoxicated him with a new sense of their beauty and importance. There was an ineffable delight n the keen rush of the refluent air; there was an exaltation in the swift, smooth racing of the train. Ah, if only Ag-

Caspar drew a sharp breath and leaned

close to Doubleday.
"Bob," he said, "you mentioned Mrs.
Caspar. I want to tell you—" "Don't think of it, my dear fellow,"

said Doubleday, dryly.
"I want to tell you." persisted Caspar, "not because I think you care to know, matter of fact, a month. Miss Oaks, you but just because I care to tell you. You know-or do you know?—is also there always supposed me to be happily married, didn't you?"

"I always thought you to be one of the luckiest devils on earth in that regard."
"Well, I might have agreed with you six months ago. I can't now. You are mistaken. I am practically divorced." Doubleday cast a compassionate glance on his friend and said nothing.

"Bob, if you are ever moved to marry, go slow. Why, I was the most contented and confident fool in the world. I was en route? He was dashing through the sure of her."

"I suppose she was equally sure of you." Caspar looked at his friend sharply. Caspar looked at his friend snarply.

"I'm not going into the details of our sober walk and thrust the letter in his train was rushing now past the quarrel, and I don't expect you to believe pocket, the letter which bore message to haunts of man. altogether right. It's enough that we're wares. a lost home, a faith gone to pleces, and you notice the gentleman who just passed "Toddlekins"—that's our child. Bob; Little through the car? Well, let me know, Star. You never saw her, did you? please, when he has begun to dine." Doubleday, if you had ever loved a wo-

ing, not even your pride, could keep you

you don't suspect, for rine is hopeless. car or two my duty to say it. This-if you do love your wife, don't blunder; don't be foo! enough to permit pride, or a snag of temper, or some domestic pettiness to ruin your life. I believe you do love her, and I'll stake my soul she's more than worthy of you-now, now, just a word. A woman of her sort can't be wicked. You don't mean that? I thought not. Ten to one it's the butter and eggs or the ball dress or Tuxedo you've split upon. Very well, and for such tomfoolery youman, the protector, the father, with the power and duty of initiative-are willto wreck three lives. Go ahead and do it, but don't be proud of it; don't try to persuade me you're doing the sensible or manly thing. And, Dickie, for your sake, let me make you a promise in God's name. If you do love her-mind you, if you love her in the least as I love Millicentdon't flatter yourself that you'll learn to forget her while she's alive. You won't: you can't. I've tried as hard as a man can. It's no use. And the first year's the easi-

ready he was yearning for her at the end

of the first week.

"It's good of you, old man," he said, resting his hand on the other's knee, "but it's too late. We've taken the step apart,' "Step back again. She'll meet you ha'f way. If she doesn't, go all the way and take her in your arms.'

Caspar shook his head. "God knows where she is now. I've not seen or heard from her for a week. We threw up the apartments with the understanding that we should for a year. At the end of that time I suppose she'll get a divorce. Not a ent of my money would she touch.'

"Where?" "Anywhere she's likely to be. Come, go right into that writing desk and pen her the sweetest love letter you ever wrote You'll never regret it. See, you've an hour till we next stop, and I'll employ the time in taking a bath. Then to a bang up dinner, my boy, with a cold bottle and a clear conscient. Think of your

Ah! Had he not been thinking of her? As the car door shut upon Doubleday the the sitting-room to her apartment, and, hungry heart of the penitent man rose in casting herself in a chair, gave way to his throat, and he saw the darkling hills tears. Only a week had gone by, and aland empurpled stream trough tears. Think of Toddlekins! His arms ached for her; his cheeks burned for the velvet touch of creature! \* \* \* And he even knew tle in his cars!

Yes, he wrote the letter, and he minced ited," sure! \* \* \* Who could the brazen "Only fergive!" it cried. person be? I only am to blame. Don't dare to take

his fingers, and his pen wrote in blood. So rapt he was that he had no eyes for through it for hours. Not all the glory the toddling child that peeped around the of autumn had fallen from the trees, and corner of the corridor and then pattered back a breathless herald.

> "It's papa! It's papa! Tome an see." A stately, fair haired woman, issuing from one of the secluded drawing-rooms, caught the child in her arms and stilled her with

a sibilant warning:
"Sh-h-h, Star, hush! You're mistaken, darling. Stay there. Don't move. Mamma

She closed the door and for a moment stood irresolute and trembling. Then, glanding right and left, she swept along narrow passage and darted a look into the sitting-room. Her hands went convalsively to her breast, and she fled, rustling like a frightened thrush. Star. wide-eyed and eager, awaited her. "It's papa, isn't it, mamma?"

"Baby, baby, you're-you're up too late, Come, let's find that pretty my darling. star-baby's star."

If Casper could only have seen her pant-But I want papa."

"After awhile, my love" Even the sentimental Doubleday could have found no fault on the score of selfabasement with Caspar's letter. It was single adjective was adequate enough to please his swelling cry for pardon. And when all the changes had been rung and his pet connubial name attached-it looked so, so familiar, but it shall be nameless-when the letter had been enveloped and after painful thought directed to the likeliest address, St. Paul, care of Mrs. Caspar's sister, then the misery of the man showed flagrantly. It must be mailso self-satisfied, so sure of the future, so train in search of Doubleday when happily it flashed upon him that he was ap-

separated. But I wish you could know She hurriedly summoned the maid, a what that means to me-a shattered ideal. trained attendant, demure and alert. "Did

A fading flush clung to the western sky. man as I loved Agnes, then—"
"See here," said Doubleday hoarsely,
"don't be too cocksure about your love.
Yours has lasted five years. Mine has lasttory, her face almost hid in a shawl, the ed ten-it will last as long as my life, Cas- woman looked out and down upon the most men found Doubleday a prince of par. A few hours ago you asked me to scene. It soothed her for moments even fellows and always congenial was inclination to do what they pleased tell you now that for me she outweighs sorrow would soften under its spell—the ne and all the rest of the world and always will, faraway sparkle of the stream, the briland if your love was equal to mine, noth- liant heaven, the deep shadows, the faint saw that she was asleep.

His very vehemence silenced his friend.

"What! 'If I had ever loved a woman who sat there came a sense of week ago she was in his arms. Now, of the worn-out woman Then Star's face.

That spirity good pands out of his the was leaving the room she was leaving the room she called out, "Are you wound up, Jammy?" ment The buccaneer method of the venerable goatee, "and I will advise the villager to act on it. Let him bring out but he was half-way down-stairs by that she was asleep.

"Mamma," she whispered, but not loudly enough to break the troubled slumber of the worn-out woman. Then Star's face. soughing of the wind. Then quickly to one could yawn openly or could be en-threly silent and sure of sympathy or as you have! I've loved one to a degree though separated only by the length of a car or two, they were divided by more than miles. But was it so? Must it be? By token of her throbbing pulse she knew

her weakness. Useless to close her eyes and try to dream; useless to lean out and let the cool wind smite her hot cheeks; useless to fancy strange shapes in the moonlight. Why had he come again into her If only Star, sweet sleeping, innocent-

The car door opened, and a man came out upon the platform. She drew close within the shadow of her corner and the folds of her shawl, afraid to glance upward. Then he stepped to the railing, and she breathed freely yo', sah." familiar in the figure fastened her gaze, and when he turned partly toward her "Yo' chile, sah, she." she recognized Doubleday.

the door opened again, and this time she knew without lifting her eyes that But how could the man stand there are musical mood? And was it of her he was thinking? Yes, yes; no other wo-was thinking? Yes, yes; no other wo-was thinking? Yes, yes; no other wo-was thinking? The whole situation, with its nappiness that the was unthinkable. But

glorious?

wagged his head expressively.
"I telegraphed the last station," con-

Dickie, Dickie, a man in love is a man "I wish she were here now. It's the sort of thing she likes. By Jove, Bob, if she meets me in Chicago, I'll bring her

back on the 'Limited' sure!"
"Of course you will. Don't worry about her meeting you. She'll be there."
Mrs. Caspar listened no more. She opened the door, passed rapidly through

lips! God, for the sound of her prat- that this was the sort of thing she liked! \* \* \* \* They were to meet in Chicago, and he would take her back in the "Lim-Sustained until now by her pride and a

yourself to task. If only one could look secret confidence in her power over the ahead a week! Ah, Agnes, Agnes, do you know how much your are to me? Your failed her, and she saw herself a

of her were parted by baby fingers, and a miniature of her own lovely face gazed it her curiously, "Mamma, what yo' doin'?" In an instant the distress of the wife "Yes," said Doubleday; "he's just gone was forgotten in the love and solicitude to bed." of the mother.

less and deserted wife. So utterly wretch-

ed she was she sobbed aloud. And then the curtains of the roomy berth in front

"You must sleep, Star, dearest. It won" be long until baby sees her little cousins."
"Don't want little couthins. Mamma,
where is my papa? Why don't he come?" "Not yet, darling. He'll come when-when he can. If baby will sleep now, mamma will come back to her after awhile and ite down beside her and sing.

Poor mamma has had no dinner.

Star pursed her red lips for a kiss and was bundled back in the darkness cold water and sought the dining car. All its luxuries, however, failed to tempt her appetite. She was vaguely conscious of the presence at an adjoining table of two men, one of whom caught her eye from time to time while he showered words upon his vis-a-vis, who warded off away, "The man's out of his mind. Poor the vehement argument with vigorous Agnes!

"Take wheat alone," said the one. "Th Dakotas, with all their advantages"—
"About the only advantage they have, so far as I can see," interposed the other, with a scornful laugh, "is a lax divorce law."

Divorce! That single word pierced her heart. Sh was toying with an fee when it reached her ears, and she leaned back, shivering, in her seat. What had she done? To what had she driven him? The terror of was a quarrel between the jackals as to what had she driven him? The terror of was a quarrel between the jackals as to what had she driven him? The terror of was a quarrel between the jackals as to what had she driven him? The terror of was a quarrel between the jackals as to where the left his tor, but had to remember to wind her son up every was a quarrel between the jackals as to where he left his tor, but had the meadam. And then Medford did a very noble had to remember to wind her son up every was a quarrel between the jackals as to that awful word sent her speeding, faint, and giddy, back to her room. Star had fallen asleep-at least the curtains kept closed while the wretched mother lay limp by the window, conscience stricken and gasping under the sudden dread which possessed her. Ah, but he would not dare! She would not let him. Dick and she divorced! Her eyes, hot and dry, stared, sightless, into the moonlight.

Out on the platform Caspar had been telling Doubleday how he felt sure the whole thing would be nicely arranged in a few days at the furthest. Even if she were not in St. Paul, the answer to his telegram would no doubt give her whereabouts, and Agnes-oh, he knew Agnesshe would listen to him, if not for his sake, then for Star's. To all of whichcontrition run to seed. Once begun, no eggerly, confidently, even cheerfully, gushed forth-Doubleday silently or in mono-

syllables assented. Perhaps it is only human for one's best most intimate affairs, even though one's knobs and knots.

friend be of the rarest jovial and respon
"What cheer?" gayly cried the woodsive nature in the world. Doubleday presently yawned.

"I say, Dickie," he protested, "don't you think we've about discussed it in all its bearings? Let's continue it, anyhow, in our next.'

Caspar was hurt, though he didn't say so. He hugged his swelling hope in silence, while Doubleday told him stories he didn't proaching Chicago by one of the fleetest trains in the world. So he subsided to a hear. The night was peerless, and the train was rushing now past the minor

Little Star had tried very hard to fall asleep. Quite dutifully she would close her eyes, and quite unintentionally they would open again. The fact is, the day had been full of surprises for her, and, above all, the delightful surprise of seeing her father. But he had acted so strangely. Why hadn't he come in to kiss her goodright? Why hadn't mamma gone to him?
The wonder of all this had moved her to speak, and it still kept the little eyes star-ing eagerly at the gleam of light between the curtains. Maybe he didn't know that she had seen him, and maybe mamma would bring him back. She waited as long into the room. Her mother reclined in a portion. low, soft chair by the window, and Star

shone with an inspiration. She slipped the corridor and glided back to the sitting room. Her papa was not where she had seen him, however, and the little white-robed figure stood there irresolute until she espied the maid, seated in a far cor-

ner. "Why, honey, what yo' doin' in hyan? Whar's yo' mah?"
"She's asleep. We want papa."

"You mean the gentelman out dar on 'serbatory?" Star looked uncertain for an instant and ing the door, looked out upon the plat-

then nodded her head, and the maid, openform, and said, "Yo' chile wants to see "What's that?" came in surprised tones

But he had come to the doorway, and as It is not unlikely she would have spoken to him, her need of sympathy grew so urgent in the recognition, but Caspar, seeing her, bounded into the room Caspar, seeing her, bounded into the room and caught her up, with a wondering cry "Toddlekins!" He held her away from Caspar was before her. He was hum-his breast a moment, as though to make ming a tune, "For You, For You, My sure of her, and then fairly smothered the He was hum- his breast a moment, as though to make Darling." Ah, how well she knew it! laughing child with kisses while the maid But how could the man stand there in giggled in chorus.

she almost cried aloud with a sudden and sudden theatrical improbability, dawned upon Caspar, and he broke into a "Bob," she heard him say, "Isn't it wild laugh.

"Baby, baby," he said, "toddle back to There was no answer, but Doubleday mamma. Here"—he reached in his pocket made a broad sweep with his arm and drew forth the letter—"give her this. and, and-. But never mind, darling; run

"I telegraphed the last station," continued Caspar presently. Then Doubleday laughed, and somehow Mrs. Caspar trice of itching doubt and throbbing heartache, he sat there, resting like a cond smiled out upon the night tired man, and smiled out upon the night --how long it matters not, but before the train came to its next halt the maid came in and said that Mrs. Caspar would like to see him.

She awaited him by the window, the curtain of which she had drawn, and as he entered the room he saw that she held his letter in one hand and a handkerchief in the other; but her face, though pale, was illuminated with a gladness which thrilled him. "Agnes, my darling, my darling! Never,

cever again!" Little Star, curiously surveying from her sleepless berth the extraordinary antics of her parents, wondered most to hear her mother say: "No, Dick; no. It was all

What was, mamma?" she asked. maker, and Star, with felt very much elated.

looked for Caspar on the rear platform and then sought him in the smoking car, and, finding him not, came naturally to

"No, sir; not yet."

you seen him?" alaim. Could Caspar have left the train or the tree, then drive a nail in at the the train left him? It seemed quite likely, cross. Now take your rifle which must bleday, with no little concern, went in position so that the fire is between you search of the conductor, and to his great and the tree and shoot over the fire at his friend. Their business was hastily will lose her power, and you cannot miss his friend. Their business was nastry concluded, and then Caspar, seizing Doubleday by the arm, suggested a "night-cap." His exuberant cheerfulness seemed to call as much for explanation as his call as much for

cordially. He didn't like mysteries, and the ways of Caspar in the past hour or two were too inscrutable to please him. In a very few minutes he had dismissed the

matter from his mind.
"Find him, sah?" asked the porter to whom he had spoken about Caspar.

"No, sah; not yet. Lef' dis kyah, sah, bag and baggage. Back'n de India now. Doubleday stared and then went on. What did it mean? If Caspar wasn't demented, he was acting very much like a man who was. He stood at the observatory door and ran his eyes along the vanishing rails, which far away in a perfect tangent still glinted where they almo came together. A fluttering dress outside on the platform suddenly arrested his gaze, and he stooped toward the window. again. Then Mrs. Caspar bathed her face | The face of the woman he could not see, but the moonlight shone full on the features of the man who partly confronted her. It was Caspar, and even as Double-day looked he saw with horror his friend her eye lean forward and embrace the woman. showered "Great Scott!" he said turning sadly

> Just then the door opened, and Caspar came in and said humbly, "Bob, dear chap, won't you come out and say a word (Copyright, 1900, by Melville Philips.)

UNCLE ELI'S FABLES.

ceedings queried of the fox:

Mr. Reynard?" "Oh, I take my share in natural philosophy," replied the fox. and thirdly; there go those jackals tum-

bling about and making their last kicks." MORAL.
"And I may say further," observed Reything for nothing it's a good idea to let and act for all the world as if he had been somebody else sample it first."

A woodman who was passing through the forest came upon a bear who rolling over and over on the ground and uttering the most dismal complaints. Bruin had one eye closed, and was covfriend to grow tired of the recital of one's ered from head to heels with lumps and

man, as he drew nearer. "Bees!" moaned the bear.

"But nature gave you a coat of fur to protect you from the stings of bees."
"So she did," answered the bear, "but she also made me fool enough to want honey just the same when I was shedding my coat, and every sting would lift me a foot high." MORAL

good thing.

Once upon a time the villager went to the Cadi and complained: "O wise man, I would be protected against the crow. Out It so happened that the night before Mrs. of every five hills of corn I plant he digs Whortleberry was taken ill with an atup at least one." "Take a chair and I will inquire into the too sick to rise.

matter," replied the Cadi, and having sent for the crow, he inquired: "Is it true that you rob this villager of

his newly-planted corn?" "I have taken of his corn, O Cadi," replied the crow, "but instead of complain-ing he ought to feel grateful."
"How's that?"
"Why, by reducing his crop one-fifth I

"That's pretty good philosophy," said of the worn-out woman. Then Star's face his gun and shoot one crow out of every turbed!"

MORAL: "It may be true that you stole lambs instead of sheep, but we are trying this case with the wool on."

Once upon a time a certain pond was inhabited by a frog, a fish, and a duck, and gave each of the boys an orange. The they got along so well together that they vowed eternal friendship and agreed to always dwell together. That was in spring-time. As the heat of summer came on the pond kept growing smaller and smaller, and one day the frog sharply remarked: "See here, you fish, you are taking up

altogether too much room." "It's you who are playing the hog," promptly replied the fish "Come, now, but you both have bristles on your back," put in the duck. "But for

your selfish spirits you would get out and give me room!"

Thereupon the frog and the fish both turned upon the duck and berated her until her quacking summoned the owner of through all right, so he said nothing. But the pond who made inquiry as to the trou-

"The duck's a hog!" shouted the frog. "The frog's a liar!" shouted the duck. "Bounce 'em both out and give me the puddle!" 'added the fish.

"My friends," replied the owner, after "My friends," replied the owner, are due reflection, "since there is not enough water for all, and since I alone have grown-ups did have some work to attend to, but, after all, what are grown-ups? to water my cabbages MORAL:

to sleep in fence corners.

## MARYLAND FOLKLORE.

Superstitions as to Hunting, Witches, an Selling One's Self to the Devil. From the Baltimore Sun.

Interesting stories drawn from the folk- right up to the end of the chapter. ore of Maryland, particularly that of

Then both of them struggled to kiss her, and Caspar called her his little peace-maker, and Star, without knowing why, of game load as follows: Take a bloody felt year, push and the struggled to kiss her, and of these patches away. When you are out hunting again for the same kind of game load as follows: Doubleday stretched his legs in the sta-lion alone. When the train drew out, he and Holy Ghost.' You will certainly bring the conclusion that his friend had gone sleeping room. The spirits make a noise early to bed. So in a short time ne below himself to his own car meditating.

"Lower 5 has turned in, eh?" he in a watch ticking, but it gets louder and louder, until you cannot sleep.

"Stilling—If horses are so badly early to bed. So in a short time he betook in the box where the patches are and

"The deuce. Wonder where he is. Have deprive the witch of her power. Take the ou seen him?"

The porter had not, and Doubleday took carcass beside a tree. First cut a cross was so full of his domestic row. Dou- be loaded with a silver bullet, choose a relief found him in conversation with the nail. When you hit the nail the witch

## TALES OF YANKEE ENCHANTMENT.

The Boy Who Required Winding.

You boys who are wound up to run rough a whole lifetime and whose machinery so seldom gets out of order-that if you are out of doors a good deal and don't spend your time reading improbable tales-ought to preciate the sad case of Jimmy Whortleberry, of Winchester, Massachusetts.

other boys with one exception. He had to be wound up like a clock every day feet. There was now just an eighth of Just at the back of his neck there was a mile left and the race looked to be a little keyhole, and he was wound up Jimmy's for Medford was walking his with a silver key that fitted into it. It's no use for you to ask me to explain the leader. why, or how or anything else. Some things

have to be taken on trust. If you don't library is now in sight. A crowd of Winbelieve this story the first thing I'll hear chester's best citizens are ctanding there is that you haven't believed the others. waving flags and cheering. Jimmy's fathand then what would become of my confi- er is among the number. Jimmy sees him dence in myself?

Jimmy had a very remarkable mother. She was always thinking of Jimmy's comfort and Jimmy's pleasure, and she was
so kind to him that he actually loved her.
Now a great many mothers have to do
a great deal for their boys. They have to
race for him because she had forgotten remember where the cap was thrown to wind him. Down in the road he drop-when the boy came home from his play, ped; his arms moved spasmodically ence they have to know where he left his or twice, his legs kicked a little and he which should have the prize. They finally settled it by dividing the chicken between Jimmy couldn't reach it himself. But his walked in over the line and won them, leaving the fox entirely out of the mother was only too glad to keep the boy affair. An owl who had observed the pro- going, for he was such a cheery little lad. Winchesterlans. eedings queried of the fox:
"But where do you come into this thing, sometimes, but well worth winding up for Waltham said,

all that.

It was the funniest performance, his that winding up. I was there on a visit once, chicken was killed and placed here for an object. Secondly, the body was poisoned, She put a pretty silver key into his neck and began to turn it, and the blood run through his veins with a sweet crinkling noise that sounded like music boxes miles and miles away. Jimmy always liked to tleberry family, he carried a key that nard, as he scratched his ear with his be wound up. It was like taking a tonic. paw, "that when you are offered some- He would run and jump and sing gayly

charged with electricity.

Not half the boys in Winchester who played with Jimmy knew that he had to

One day the boys got up a foot race. In this they were aided and abetted by old Mr. Dixon. They were to walk from Winchester to Arlington Center and back and his arms to pump, and he rose to his again for a silver medal that Mr. Dixon feet, and went on with the race. had promised to the winner. Old Mr. Dixon is a silver-haired gentleman whom all the toys like because he is still a good deal of a boy himself in spite of his seventy years.

"I think Jimmy will win if he doesn't run down," said Mr. Whortleberry.
"Run down indeed," said Mr. Dixon, hotly. "Jimmy won't run down when he None of us are ever satisfied with a knows it is a walking match. He'll win fair, you may depend upon it."

The race was to be run on a Saturday. tack of grip and in the morning she was She told the maid to wind Jimmy, but

the maid was a rather feather-brained creature and forgot all about it, and as for Jimmy, he was so full of the race that he never noticed that he had not been wound. Of course, just as it is with clocks so he could run several hours overtime, so he was able to go down to breakfast and then run in and kiss his as she could and then peeped out again into the room. Her mother reclined in a labors in the same prosorry that she was too sick to come and can be no doubt. These islands are bound

> time and didn't hear her. He put on his a proverb, and the buccaneer has never cap and started off at a dog trot for Mr. been a producer of wealth. While it is in-Dixon's house, for that was to be the meeting place for the contestants.
>
> There were Chelsea Concord and Dor-

> Somerville Newton and his brother, Cen- kind. In this first letter I can give only ter Newton Old Mr. Dixon was in tip-top spirits and are waiting.

Elgin Waltham knew that Jimmy had to

through all right, so he said nothing.
he stopped jumping and said, "Let's hurry then, is a bright chance.
One of the best chances to be found here up and get to the library."

There was quite a crowd of Winchester people at the library, for the local paper had contained a notice of the coming race, had contained a notice of the coming race, grade American watches. But he must

and as it was Saturday nobody in town had anything to do—that is, nobody who counts for anything. I believe some of the Only children who have outlived their usefulness. You'll have great times when Friendships last until one is called upon you grow up, and some of you won't reto sacrifice. Tramps who fight for the seftest bed in the farmer's barn deserve to sleep in fence corners.

great that you are no longer children, but gret that you are no longer children, but left you that when a fellow is a boy everything is fresh and new and he doesn't

of the home stretch when Jimmy began to slacken his pace. This encouraged Medford, who had been gradually work This encouraged ing his way up in the procession and he passed Somerville, who had long ago distanced Elgin and stendily advanced until he was within a rod of Jimmy. It had been a remarkably close

race and no one had dropped out. You should have seen Mr. Dixon's face when he saw his favorite losing ground. As for Elgin, he was so encouraged that he broke into a run and of course lost his chance of winning. For one brief moment Jimmy thought

that he had run down, but when he realized that he couldn't move a step after Jimmy looked and acted and feit like the machinery had stopped, he gave a spurt and increased his lead by prettiest and couldn't gain an inch on The beautiful building of the Winchester

> and wishes that his mother might be there, too Five hundred feet more and Jimmy

to pick up Jimmy and Somerville Newton medal amid the perfunctory cheers of the

Winenesterians.

A doctor ran up to Jimmy, but Elgin Waltham said, "You're not what he wants, he wants the key."

The doctor thought he was insane, but Elgin started for Jimmy's house to get the key, and ran plump into Mr. Whordeberry.

berry. "The key, the key," he gasped. Jimmy's father had seen his son fall, and like every other member of the Whorwould fit the lad's neck. He ran to the boy and said to the loc-

tor: "I am his father. He only needs winding." The doctor was the most astonished physician in Eastern Massachusetts, but be wound up for he was just as natural as said nothing. The bystanders saw Mr. Whortleberry insert the key, and then they heard a faint and musical sound, which, as I have said, was Jimmy's blood coursing through his veins, and then the boy's legs began to work back and forth

> feet, and went on with the race.
> "Jimmy, boy," said his father sadly. "The race is over. It would have been yours if only you had been wound up Poor Jimmy realized then what had happened, and being a boy, even if he did have mechanism inside of him instead of vitals, he burst into tears.

And then occurred a pretty scene. Somerville Newton went up to Mr. Dixon, who was hastening to shake hands From with Jimmy, and he said in a loud voice which it will be seen that Jimmy was a so that all could hear: "I don't think we favorite with the old man." so that all could hear: "I don't think we ought to call this a race. If I'd known Jimmy wasn't wound up, I'd never have entered. Say we have it again next Saturday."

"Hooray!" shouted all the boys, including old Mr. Dixon. (Copyright, by the author, Charles Battell Loomis.)

BUSINESS CHANCES IN MANILA. Shoe Dealers, Photographers, and Watch-

makers Much in Demaud. H. Irving Hancock, in Leslie's Weekly About the financial advisability of keepto become for us a very empire of wealth. see the start.

Just as he was leaving the room she

That Spain did not prove this is no argudubitable that the Philippines will be mainly exploited by syndicates and large capitalists, there is a chance-and a splen hester Medford and Elgin Waltham and did one-for small investors of the right

a few samples of the opportunities that Right at the outset a well-conducted start was to be made from the Winches- American shoestore should succeed here. ter library, and was to go over the line of Ever since our flag was hoisted in May la the trolley road to Arlington, turning at the railroad station and coming back over growing in popularity. There are plenty growing in popularity. the same route.

Jimmy felt unusually buoyant. He bounded around until Mr. Dixon said: well at first, but soon playing out. They of native-made and Chinese-made shoes "Boy, if you'll save some of that energy for the race I haven't a doubt but you'll will not affect the chances win the medal."

well at first, but soon playing out. They can be sold cheaper than good American shoes, but that will not affect the chances of the latter. To see the caperness with be wound up and he said, "Did they wind you extra tight, Jimmy?"

Jimmy's face went white as it struck him that he had not been wound at all, but boy like, he thought he'd probably get through all right, so he said nothing. But American shoes lead the world. Here,

> is waiting for the man who brings over be capable of making thoroughly first class repairs to watches. At this present writing there is not a first-class American watch repairer in Manila. There are several of them who claim to be, but the general experience with them is that they They are European workme who have a smattering conception of the Swiss movements, but when you leave a decent American watch in their hands

everything is fresh and new and he doesn't know it all, even if he sometimes thinks he does. When he grows up he doesn't know it all either, but he certainly does know that he was awfully lucky to have had a boyhood, and the more he keeps his memory on it the better time he will have right up to the end of the chapter.

At 10 o'clock old Mr. Dixon started them off. It was to be a square heel-and-toe walk, and for a block they kept pretty close together. Then Jimmy and Elgin the doesn't decent American watch in their hands for treatment, you are taking desperate chances. For two or three first-class photographers there is field enough right in Manila. As soon as the present troubles pass over, there will be other fields in the larger cities of the group. The best present open as good a workman as the average country operator in the United States. Yet he charges \$10 Mexican for cabinet photographs, and gets it—gets it plentifully! The American photographer who

From the Baltimore San.

Interesting stories of sawn from the folklore of Maryland, particularly that of
the western part of the State, were told
as at night by members of the Folkiore
tociety at their meeting in Donovan roots
of Joins Hopkins University. Mr. Crum,
of Joins Hopkins University. Mr. Crum,
of graduate student of Johns Hopkins university under Prof. Newcomb, in the
dear part of methematics, contributed them, But it's a long way to the
partment of methematics, contributed a
paper on "Witch Stories and Conjuring."
Some of the superstitions he told of were
as follows:
"A Hunting Charm—Whenever you kill
a bear, deer, or turkey dip a number of
builty patches in the fresh Blood of the
first mile was two blocks in the rear
of the procession.

Mr. Dixon had hired a wagon, and
by
any of these patches away. When you
are out huntings again for the same kind
of game load as follows: Take a blood
patch, well greased, place your builet on
it, then cross yourself and, as you push
the builet home, repeat: "Father, Son,
and Holy Ghost," You will certainly bring
home game of the same kind as that
whose blood was on the patch. Do not
keep the patches near your bed or in your
selenbar yourself and, as you push
the builet home, repeat: "Father, Son,
and Holy Ghost," You will certainly bring
home game of the same kind as that
whose blood was on the patch. Do not
keep the patches near your bed or in your
selenbar yourself and as total
who keep the patches and your bed or in your
selenbar yourself and as total
who keep the patches and your bed or in your
selenbar yourself and as total
who keep the patches and your bed or in your
selenbar yourself and the patch. Do not
keep the patches and your bed or in your
selenbar yourself and as total
who keep the patches and your bed or in your
selenbar yourself with the regudeprive the wint of the power. Take the
dead horse out into a field and burn the
dead with a silver builet, choose a
paper long the paper and your cannot sieep.

"Witch Klitkling—If homes are so baddly
bewitc

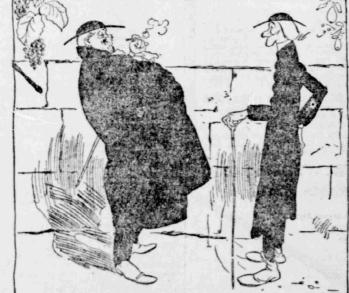
concluded, and then Caspar, of a "night-bleday by the arm, suggested a "night-cap." His exuberant cheerfulness seemed to call as much for explanation as his recent mysterious disappearance, but Doubleday was never inquisitive. He drank his ale in silence and agreed with Caspar that the moonlight lay beautifully on the the level stretches across which the train was flying.

"Good night, Boh," said Caspar at length, "and good-by, Maybe we shan't mour. The wind will howl and the dogs we'll appear and moutance any competitors.

In the morning, and it isn't likely we'll see each other in Chicago, I've devance of the morning and it isn't likely we'll see each other in Chicago, I've devance of the morning and it isn't likely we'll see each other in Chicago, I've devance of the morning and it isn't likely we'll see each other in Chicago, I've devance of the morning and it isn't likely we'll see each other in Chicago, I've devance of the way had been ten times as long, the way had been ten times as long to the first elass the way had been ten times as long to the first elass the way had been ten times as long to the way had been ten times as long. They were all Massachusetts boys and there are no boys to beat those upless it the long to the way had been ten times as long. They were all Massachusetts boys and there are no boys to beat those upless it the long to the first elass. They were within a quarter of a cent lower than the present of the transmitted of the pain of railroads. The



TEMPTING.



Bishop-Why did the cannibals eat the last missionary? Prelate-He dressed in such good taste.